

The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.]

VOL. 19.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1854.

NO. 11.

H. T. COFFEY, M. D.

ANNOUNCES to the Profession, that he has opened, in the rooms adjoining his office, in Hollidaysburg, a

Surgico Mechanical Institute,

for the application of approved physiological supports, in the treatment of Chronic Deformities, and those numerous Weaknesses and Deformities of the body, in which support to the relaxed and dragging organs is an important condition of cure, and necessary to the success of internal treatment. All the appliances used, are endorsed by many of the most eminent members of the Profession, and consist, in part, of Body Braces, for Prolapsus Uteri, (or Falling of the Womb), and the diseases of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Bowels and weakness of the Back and Nerves, which result from such "falling."—Spinal Supporters, for every variety of Spinal affection.—Chest Expansors to erect the body, and enlarge the Chest.—Pile and Perineal Elevators, Hernial Trusses, etc. etc. The increasing importance of this department of pathology, and the difficulty the country practitioner has in procuring any mechanical aid, much less those that act in harmony with nature, induces the undersigned, at much cost and labor, to supply what is alike, a professional desideratum, and necessary to guard the public against the imposition of unscientific and injurious contrivances.

Physicians, and all others interested, are invited to call and examine. Those who desire to give their patients the auxiliary benefit of a variety of scientific support, can send their patients to the Institute for that purpose, without risk of any abuse of such confidence.

A discount of 50 per cent. to the profession on all instruments furnished them, or at their request. A room will be fitted up specially for Ladies, with a Lady in attendance. Hollidaysburg, Feb. 15, 1854.

TO PHYSICIANS.

The attention of the Medical Profession in Pa. is respectfully invited to the following important facts:

1. Not less than two thirds of the American women are afflicted with Prolapsus Uteri, and its associated complaints; the result of a general debility; early marriages; the various accidents of pregnancy, and labour, and general neglect of hygienic measures.

2. That as Prolapsus Uteri is a displacement, or "falling" of this organ, it necessarily involves a like descent, or dragging of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, and Bowels, and that one fundamental condition of cure in these cases, is the application of such a Physiological brace, or supporter, as will most effectively brace the weak back and without compression, assist the relaxed and over-taxed muscles in performing their natural office of lifting, and holding in their place the dragging viscera of the Chest and Abdomen from the depressed Uterus. The observation of every Physician, and the extensive and increasing use of abdominal supporters, (so called) furnishes conclusive proof of this.

3. That the Supporters now in use never have received the approval of the Profession, because they all, in common, act as forcing and confining straps, compressing and retarding motions, creating a necessity for their perpetual use by restraining the freedom and exercise of the muscles, which they should only assist, and, also, aggravating the "falling" and dragging, by their constricting and compressing, rather than their bracing and elevating tendency.

4. In view of the above facts, which every Physician has been compelled to admit, but to do so, is it not the duty, as well as the interest of the Profession, to seek for an instrument which acts upon established principles of pathology, and which is at once effective, and necessary to the success of the practitioner, and professional in its origin and design?

The undersigned, therefore, acting in accordance with the true interests of the Profession, and after much investigation and study, now offers to them an instrument which, in his opinion, is all above indications. The Brace invented by Dr. Banning of N. Y., has alone received the approbation of the Alumni of the Profession, or taken rank as a permanent contribution to Medical Science. While it supports the weak back and lifts up the abdominal viscera, the undersigned, by combining it with a recent invention, has added greatly to its efficiency in erecting the body and expanding the chest, and these instruments are believed to fulfill every indication that can be derived from mechanical support, while acting in complete harmony with the forces of nature.

Desirous of introducing these Braces through the co-operation of Physicians, and being enabled to furnish them at Manufacturers prices, you are respectfully referred to the annexed quotations:

Fine Steel Body Brace, Retail Price, \$10.00
Silver Plated, " " " 15.00
Fine Steel Erector Brace, Retail Price, 15.00
Silver Plated " " " 20.00

Twenty per cent discount off these prices to Physicians.

A Scientific Treatise, and Descriptive Essay, will be sent to Physicians, gratuitously, by addressing Dr. H. T. COFFEY, Hollidaysburg, Pa. February 15, 1854.

Advantages of the Body Brace over Other Supporters.—1st. It is cool. 2d. It is light. 3d. Its pads can all be shifted up and down, right or left, as frequently as the necessity of the case may require. 4th. Its great and universal flexibility. 5th. It LIFTS UP THE CHEST, BEARS DOWN THE BACK. Its pads are four, and press on the weak hips, and particularly on the weak back, supporting, yet not restraining the body. 6th. Its pads being of naked horse, stimulate and harden the muscles, while soft and cushioned ones (like poultices) relax and weaken, through heat and perspiration, and soon become rancid. 7th. It is so constructed as to admit of attaching to it any proper spinal apparatus, and also the most perfect pile and hernial trusses. 8th. It may combine with its mechanical influences the virtues of the galvanic battery, locally or generally applied. 9th. The Erector Brace and Chest Expansor, in addition to the above, make pressure upon the front of the shoulders, and without constraint or compression, erects the body, EXPANDS THE CHEST, and promotes healthy and hearty action. It is free from straps, bandages, or compresses, acts in harmony with nature, and defies scientific objection. For those who have weak backs, stooped shoulders, nervous or flattened chests or defective forms it is the best invention ever presented to the public.

RULE OF MEASUREMENT.—For the Body Brace, draw a tape snugly around the body, one and a half inches below the tips of the hip bones, over the line—for the Erector Brace, add measurement around the chest, under the arm-pits, and send the number of inches, each accompanying the order, and the Brace will be sent to you, with an explanatory circular, and exchanged to suit, if immediately returned, unsold.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, wishing to move to Huntingdon, will offer at Public Sale, on

MONDAY THE 27TH DAY OF MARCH,

on his premises, in Tod township, Huntingdon county, the following property:—6 Work Horses, 4 Cows, from 1 to 3 years old, 1 pair of heavy Oxen, 2 Durham Cows, 2 Durham Calves, 1 Durham Bull, 20 highly improved Sheep, several fall-blooded Hogs, also, a large quantity of excellent Household and Kitchen Furniture, consisting of Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Washstands, Carpets, also, one improved Cooking Stove, also, a lot of new Carpenter Tools, and sundry other articles too tedious to mention. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. A credit of nine months will be given to those purchasing any amount exceeding five dollars.

ROBERT HARE POWELL, Powell, Trough Creek Valley, Feb. 8, 1854.

50 BARRELS Extra Family Flour for sale at the Store of GEO. GWIN.

10 DOZEN Ames' No. 2 Shovels, just received and for sale by J. & W. BAXTON.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1.75
If paid at the end of the year.....2.00
And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant countries, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 16 lines or less
For 1 insertion \$0.50, For 1 month, \$1.25
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" 3 " 1.00, " 6 " 5.00
PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding 10 lines, and not changed during the year.....\$4.00
CARD and JOURNAL in advance.....5.00
BUSINESS CARDS of the same length, not changed.....\$3.00
CARD and JOURNAL, in advance.....4.00
Short transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at treble the usual rates.
On longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made for prompt payment.

POETICAL.

SABBATH BELLS.

The Bells! the Bells! the Nation's Bells!
O, joyfully their anthem swell!
A Plymouth Rock they startle first;
A now on Allegheny burst;
And now they strike Ohio's calm;
And now they strike the Southern palm;
Not o'er one State alone the music swells—
Hark! the whole Nation shakes beneath the Bells!

The Bells! the Bells! the grand old Bells!
Their joyful anthems swell!
It mingles with Niagara's roar;
It breaks on California's shore;
And thanks the God who guards our clime,
And plenty gave—in every clime,
Not from one State alone the Sabbath swells—
Hark! the whole Nation speaks within the Bells!

The Bells! the Bells! the joyous Bells!
Undaunted! their music swells!
It speaks of happy hearts and homes,
Of harvest fields, of peaceful domes,
And stately banners still unfurled,
That could defy a banished word.
Not from one State alone the music swells—
Hark! the whole Nation rings the mighty Bells!

The joyous Bells!
The Nation's Bells!
Hark! the whole Nation rings the mighty Bells!

MARCH.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valleys flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wast' the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smile in many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
Bet in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

SABBATH READING.

The Bible.

Forget not that, in order to influence this mind right—to do it good, for both worlds at once—your text-book, your class-book, must be that book of books, "The Bible." That is the most venerable book in creation; and, with its history, its general character, and varied subjects, you should all seek to be very familiar. How marvellous its truths—how marvelous its narratives—how sublime its doctrines! Think of its wondrous details concerning the creation and fall of man—the deluge—the captivity and deliverance of Israel—its wanderings and preservation in the wilderness—the giving of the law—the possession of "the promised land" by the twelve tribes—the prophecies referring to both Jews and Gentiles—the account of the advent of the Messiah, and his agonizing death—the proclamation of Divine mercy through Him—the declaration of man's immortality—the dissolution of all things—the resurrection of the body, and the final judgment. Here are great and glorious themes indeed! Seek to be properly influenced by them, as well as to do justice to them, when you handle them in the class. Let your young people see that you regard this book of God as the great foundation of all religious belief. Strive to impress this upon them, for they need to be well-grounded in it at the present day. Show them that here alone we find safe anchorage ground. To quit this, is to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

Be thankful that this Bible is now translated and an accessible book. As a transcript of the Hebrew and Greek, while it has its flaws and imperfections, the most competent judges affirm, with one voice, that its perfections are inimitable and unspeakable. Remember, this book was written, and is handed down from generation to generation, not to conciliate your prejudice, or just to awaken your admiration, but to enlighten your mind, to reach your heart, to arouse your conscience, to make you wiser and holier, happier and better. Too many pass over it as voyagers pass over the sea, heedless of the precious treasures that lie hid in its depths—treasures which would richly reward any diver, who would venture to go down after them. Be it yours, then, to regard

Maxims to Guide a Young Man.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make but few promises. Live up to all your engagements. Have no very intimate friends. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose and idle conversation. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be as that one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, though fear that you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mispent. Always go to meetings when you can. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Often think of death and your accountability to God.

How to Subdue a Vicious Horse.

On looking over some old papers the other day, we came across the following, which, if true, is worth knowing. It seems that a fruitless effort was being made in a blacksmith shop to subdue a vicious horse, which resisted all efforts, kicking aside every thing but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that; when, by mere accident, an officer returned from Mexico was passing, and being made acquainted with the difficulty, applied a complete remedy by the following simple process:

He took a cord about the size of a bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse, like a bit, and tied it tightly on the top of the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down, and the cord in its place. This done, he put the horse gently on the side of the head, and commanded him to follow, and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well trained dog; suffering his feet to be lifted with impunity, and acting in all respects like an old stager. The simple string, thus tied, had made him at once as docile and obedient as any one could desire. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity, intimated that it is practiced in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses. Be this as it may, he deserves the thanks of all owners of such horses, and especially the thanks of those whose business it may be to shoe or groom the animals.—The Plough, the Loom and Axle.

Rothschild "Short."

There is a good story told recently of Baron Rothschild, of Paris, the richest man of his class in the world, which shows that it is not only "money which makes the mare go," (or horse either, for that matter), but "ready money," "unlimited credit" to the contrary notwithstanding.

On a very wet and disagreeable day, the Baron took a parisian omnibus, on his way to the Bourse, or Exchange, near which the "Nabob of Finance" alighted, and was going away without paying. The driver stopped him, and demanded his fare. Rothschild felt in his pocket, but he had not a "red cent" of change. The driver was very wrath.

"Well, what did you get in for, if you could not pay. You must have known that you had no money."

"I am Baron Rothschild," exclaimed the great capitalist, "and there is my card."

The driver threw the card into the gutter. "Never heard of you before," said the driver, "and don't want to hear of you again. But I want my fare, and I must have it."

The great banker was in haste. "I have only an order for a million," he said. "Give me change." And he proffered a "coupon" for fifty thousand francs.

The conductor stared, and the passengers set up a horse-laugh. Just then an "Agent de Change" came by, and Baron Rothschild borrowed of him the six sous.

The driver was now seized with a kind of remorseful respect, and turning to the Money king he said, "If you want ten francs, sir, I don't mind lending them to you on my own account."

A Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear are you not afraid?" How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from the chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed—

"Are you afraid?"

She instantly answered "No."

"Why," said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the wind in his fist, and the water in the hollow of his hand is my Father."

Slaving for Money.

We pity the man who wears out his energies in the accumulation of riches, which, when amassed, he will have lost the capacity to enjoy. He finds himself at his own feast, without an appetite for his dainties. The wine of life is wasted, and nothing remains but the lees.

The warm sympathies of his heart have been choked by the inexorable spirit of avarice, and they cannot be re-awakened. The fountain-head of his enthusiasm is sealed; he looks at all things in nature and in art with the eye of calculation; hard-matter-of-fact is the only palpable mind can feed on, the elastic spring of impulse is broken; the poetry of existence is gone.

Are wealth and position an equivalent for these losses? Is not the millionaire, who has acquired wealth at such a cost, a miserable bankrupt? In our opinion there is little to choose on the score of wisdom between the individual who recklessly squanders his money as he goes along, in folly and extravagance and the false economist who denies himself the wholesome enjoyments of life, in order to swell the treasure, which, in the hardening process of scraping up, he had become too mean to spend, and too selfish to give away.

The only national way to live, is to mix labor with enjoyment—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. There is nothing like a streaky life—a pleasant mixture of exertion, thankfulness, love, jollity, and repose. The man who slaves for riches makes a poor return to that God who took the trouble of making him for a better purpose.

Eason says justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

The Gamester.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance. He had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospects of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharps, who, with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passion.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching; but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with her brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed there to be fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue his fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharps, nor even allowed strokes of connoisseurs, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and other moveables that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to lend him a few pieces, in order to return his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectation of being repaid, refused to lend him a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success; and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would set him sixty guineas upon it—the company were silent. He then demanded fifty—still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty—finding the company still without answering, he cried out, it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor, at the same time, attempted to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and sternness; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jenny," says his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony; and looking at her cried, "There you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," says she, "but I really thought it was; at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What, all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay."

Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, she cried, "No, my dear, you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken; I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her presence had the proper effect, he ever retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

Great Profit of Peaches.

Six years ago, an honest, hard working man went from the vicinity of Norwich, Connecticut, out to the far west. He had in his pocket a small capital of only four hundred dollars, which he had carefully husbanded against a rainy day. On arriving at his place of destination, he wisely purchased for himself a snug little farm, which he stocked as much as it could bear—not with wheat, corn, sheep or cattle, but with peach trees. His neighbors, do doubt, thought him foolish and visionary, but he kept his own counsel. His second crop of peaches yielded him sufficient to pay for his land, and leave him a gain of four hundred dollars besides. But this year his immense peach orchards yielded him at the least calculation, a clear profit of thirty thousand dollars.—Augusta (Ga.) Republic.

A Novel—Condensed.

Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—young man to make a fortune—very ugly—very hard-hearted—lovers in a bad fix—won't part—die first—moonlight again—garret window opens—rope-ladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—won't forgive them—discovers them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—young man getting rich—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion quite comfortable—have little children—much happiness. Finis.

Soolding.

We will not say that any who have the soolding propensity are absolutely incurable, but we know some very obstinate cases. We also know some persons who have such a happy mental organization, that they never indulge a petulant spirit. An anecdote will illustrate these cases:

Two thriving farmers, A. and B., lived near neighbors, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, &c. Each had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved to be a farmstead, while that of B. had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. These men were one day in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the neighbor from the house of Mr. A. was soolded; and he said to B. "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture." "I really wish," replied B., "that I could hear my wife scold as yours does, for five minutes, just to see how it would sound; for she has never uttered a crooked word, since our marriage."

"O," said A., "get for your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it. I warrant you; for nothing makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve, so as to produce it entire, and to throw all such sticks in a separate pile, subject to his order. When his old stock of wood was consumed, he collected an entire load of these crooked sticks, and deposited them at his door, and said nothing.

When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal, as usual, was well cooked, and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficial smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to him, "Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted, and if you have any more like the last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had; it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."

Wanted—An Honest, Industrious Boy.

We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for by his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or a journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious congregation, for a pastor; parents, for a teacher of their children, and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsman will want him as a citizen; acquaintance as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend, families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance, and girls want him for a beau, and finally for a husband.

An honest industrious boy! Just think of it boys, will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that you will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not all the requisition—do you know how to get on? You may be capable, and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a "good situation"—are you sure that your friends, teachers, and acquaintances can recommend for these qualities?—Oh, how would you feel, your character not being thus established, on having the work "can't employ you." Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor; then will your "calling and election" for profit and trust be made sure.

Cruelty to Horses.

The Eastern Mail, Waterville, Maine, has a capital article on this subject, of which the following is a part:

"Passing a blacksmith's shop, some time since, we stopped to admire a beautiful horse belonging to Mr. S., as it stood waiting for a set of shoes. No wonder that horse was a pet—and none but a bold man would dare abuse him in the presence of his owner. When the flies made him a little restive at the driving of the first nail, the smith flew into a passion, and dealt blow after blow with his hammer, with the fury of a madman. The owner did not know how the blood came upon his horse's nose, or those bunches upon his ribs—but we did."

"It is doubtless a legal question—it is certainly a moral one—how far a man has a right to vent his fury upon a 'balky' or a vicious horse. We say fury, because nothing renders a passionate man so frantic as a contrary horse. We have seen a mere looker on turn pale with anger, while the man with the whip would foam at the mouth like a rabid dog. To those who have not seen it, this is beyond credit; those who have, it is strange. For such men the law against cruelty to animals was provided, and upon all such it is the positive duty of the ministers of the law to see it executed."

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the weariness of living. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? Living to most who live earnestly, is like rowing a boat head full stream; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still, there are hours when the ore slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to get out of the current into some quiet cove, where the sunbeams glitter in golden rain, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—it longs for a rest.

A Dutchman Abroad.

"Hello, friend, can you tell me the way to Reading?" enquired a downcast the other day of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, whom he found hard at work beside the road a few miles from Reading.

"O, yaw, I could tell you so passer as any body. You must first turn de parram road, de parram road, and de parram road, ten de first house you come to ish my proder Hans' pig parr; dat ish de piggest parr dere ish upon dis road; ish ish eighteen feet von way, and eighteen feet back again. Mine proder Hans thought to tatch it mit shingles, but he sold dem, and so he shingled it mit straw and clapboard it mit rails; after you go py my proder Hans' pig parr, de next house you come to ish a hay stack of oorn stalks, pilt of straw, and you must not stop dere too. Den you goa along till you come to tree roads, you take any of dem tree roads and den you kit lost. Den you must kit over de fence into a great pig parr mit no fence round it. Den you take de road upon your right shoulder, and go down as far as de ditch, den you turn right pack again. Ven you ish comin' back, you come py a house dat stands right alongside of a little yaller lot. He runs out and says poor, wov, wov, he dux, and pikes a little piece out of your leg, den he runs and shumps into an empty pig pen dat hash four sheep in it. Den you look away up to de hill down in de swamp, and you sees a pig white house painted red, mit two front doors de de pack side; well, dere ish vere my proder Hans lives, and he can tell you so passer as I could. I don't know."

"Wall, I saw, by hokey, mister, you are about as intelligent as aunt Jenny; but I reckon as how you don't know her though, she's dumb. But I say you, why don't you dig out them pesky weeds, hey?"

"O, dear me, I has had very pad luck. Von or two days next week, mine proder Hans' pumpkins proke into mine pig patch, and ven I drove dem to home, every tam pumpkin in de field catch up von little piece of pig in his mouth, and ten dey run through to tuffy, as if de fence was after dem, and so stumpled over me, and I'm almost kilt, I am."

"When! Dew tall?"

"Den I thinks as how I must take me a wrov, so I goes to Reading, and tells Ketterer if he would take me for wrose as petter, and she asks me 'yaw.' So I takes him home, and eat seven quarts sour krost, and vent to ped well enough, but de next morning she slumped up teed! She von a very heavy load; she weigh more as three hundred and seventy pounds.—Den my leetle pye takes sick and tied. O! I'd rather give tree shillings, as to have dat happen. He was so fat as spitter. Den my huns come home mit dere ears split, and mine hogs all come home mit mine de dem minisim."—Picayune.

A Practical Joke.

At Long Wharf, Boston, the fishing smacks throw their fish into pits, with sides perfectly water tight, and rising to the decks, while the bottom of the vessel, is perforated with holes.—A couple of Irishmen who wanted work supporting